

HARMON

Fighting One Twenty - Two

Song Book

[Blank]

Numbers added
by Hand
by JP on
19 April 2020

[Blonde]

[1]

PROLOGUE

DURING THE TRAINING AND DEPLOYMENT PERIOD FROM EARLY 1955 THRU 1956, THE 'BLACK ANGELS' BECAME IDENTIFIED BY THEIR JOYOUS AND LUSTY SINGING. IN HOMES, BARS, THE READY ROOM, WHEREVER THE GANG GATHERED TO RELAX, THERE WOULD USUALLY BE A SONGFEST.

OUR VARIOUS HOSTS, WHILE PERHAPS NOT ALWAYS APPRECIATIVE OF OUR TALENT, WERE AT LEAST INDULGENT. THEY HAVE 'OVERLOOKED' THE ATTEMPTED THEFT OF THE PIANO (WE DIDN'T GO TO JAIL), PROVIDED PRIVATE ROOMS SO WE COULD CONTINUE SINGING (THEY DIDN'T THROW US OUT), RECORDED OUR SESSIONS (A BRAZEN ATTEMPT AT PLAGIARISM), BOUGHT US DRINKS (WHY NOT?, WE'D SPENT HALF A MONTHS FLIGHT PAY IN THE JOINT) AND EVEN SECURED THE HIRED ENTERTAINMENT (WHY PAY FOR TALENT?).

IT IS TO OUR MANY HOSTS AND THE FRIENDS WE HAVE MADE ON THE CRUISE THAT WE DEDICATE THIS COLLECTION OF SONGS, WITH THE FOND HOPE THAT WHEN THE 'GANG' STARTS SINGING, THE 'BLACK ANGELS' MAY BE REMEMBERED.

BABY LIE EASY

ONE DAY IN THE EVENING AS TWI-LIGHT WAS FALLING
WAY DOWN BY THE RIVER I WANDERED ALONE.
I SAW AN OLD FELLOW A ROCKIN' THE CRADLE
FOR SOMEBODY'S BABY THAT WAS NOT HIS OWN.

Chorus:

HI HO, BABY LIE EASY,
YOUR TRUE DADDY WILL NEVER BE KNOWN. THERE'LL BE
WEEPIN' AND WAILIN' AND ROCKIN' THE CRADLE
FOR SOMEBODY'S BABY THAT IS NOT YOUR OWN.

WHEN I FIRST COURTED YOUR INNOCENT MOTHER
I THOUGHT LIKE A FOOL I HAD FOUND ME A WIFE.
BUT TO MY MISFORTUNE AND SAD LAMENTATION
SHE WAS BOTH A CURSE AND A PLAGUE ON MY LIFE.

(Chorus)

IT'S OUT EVERY NIGHT TO A BALL OR A PARTY
SHE LEAVES ME A ROCKIN' THE CRADLE ALONE.
AND THIS LITTLE FELLOW, HE THINKS I'M HIS DADDY
BUT LITTLE HE KNOWS THAT I AM NOT HIS OWN.

(Chorus)

NOW ALL YOU YOUNG FELLOWS WHO'RE THINKING OF MARRIAGE
JUST TAKE MY ADVICE AND LEAVE WOMEN ALONE.
FOR BY THE LORD HARRY IF YOU EVER MARRY
SHE'LL BRING YOU A BABY AND SWEAR IT'S YOUR OWN.

(Chorus)

I LOVE THE GIRL I'M NEAR
THE AIR GROUP SONG (UNOFFICIAL)

OH, MY HEART IS BEATING WILDLY,
AND IT'S ALL BECAUSE YOU'RE NEAR.
WHEN I'M NOT NEAR, THE GIRL I LOVE,
I LOVE THE GIRL I'M NEAR.

EVERY FEMME THAT FLUTTERS BY ME,
IS A FLAME THAT MUST BE FANNED.
WHEN I'M NOT FONDLING, THE HAND THAT I'M FOND OF,
I FONDLE THE HAND AT HAND.

MY HEART'S IN A PICKLE, IT'S HOPELESSLY FICKLE,
AND NOT TOO "PARTICLE" I FEAR.
WHEN I'M NOT NEAR, THE GIRL I LOVE,
I LOVE THE GIRL I'M NEAR.

WHAT IF THEY'RE SHORT AND TENDER?
WHAT IF THEY'RE TALL AND SLENDER?
AS LONG AS THEY'VE GOT THAT GENDER,
I SURRENDER!

ALWAYS MY HEART PURSUES 'EM,
ALWAYS I CAN'T REFUSE 'EM,
AS LONG AS THEY'VE GOT A BOOZEM,
I WOOS 'EM!

AS I'M MORE AND MORE A MORTAL,
I AM MORE AND MORE VERBOSE.
WHEN I'M NOT CLOSE TO, THE FORM THAT I CLING TO,
I CLING TO THE FORM THATS CLOSE.

THOUGH FOR SHARON I'M CARIN',
IT'S SUSAN I'M CHOOSIN',
I'M FAITHFUL TO WHO'SN IS NEAR.
WHEN I'M NOT NEAR, THE GIRL I LOVE,
I LOVE THE GIRL I'M NEAR.

THE ERIE CANAL

WE WERE FORTY MILES FROM ALBANY
FORGET IT I NAVER SHALL
WHAT A TERRIBLE STORM WE HAD ONE NIGHT
ON THE ERIE CANAL.
(THE ERIE CANAL)

Chorus:

THE ERIE WAS A RISIN'
THE GIN WAS A GETTIN' LOW
AND I SCARCELY THINK
WE'LL GET ANOTHER DRINK
"TILL WE GET TO BUFFALO.
("TILL WE GET TO BUFFALO)

OUR CAPTAIN HE CAME UP ON DECK
WITH A SPYGLASS IN HIS HAND
AND THE FOG IT WAS SO VERY THICK
THAT HE COULDN'T SEE THE LAND

(Chorus)

OUR COOK SHE WAS A GRAND OLD GAL
SHE HAS A RAGGED DRESS
WE HOISTED HER UPON A POLE
AS A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.
(A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS)

(Chorus)

OUR CAPTAIN HE GOT MARRIED
AND THE COOK SHE WENT TO JAIL
AND I'M THE ONLY SON-OF-A-GUN
THAT'S LEFT TO TELL THE TALE.
(THAT'S LEFT TO TELL THE TALE)

(Chorus)

WALTZING MATILDA

ONCE A JOLLY SWAG MAN SAT BESIDE A BILLA BONG,
UNDER THE SHADE OF A COOLI BAH TREE,
AND HE SANG AS HE SAT AND WAITED BY THE BILLA BONG,
WHO'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME?

Chorus:

WALTZING MATILDA, WALTZING MATILDA,
WHO'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME?
AND HE SANG AS HE SAT AND WAITED BY THE BILLA BONG,
WHO'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME?

DOWN CAME A JUMBUCK TO DRINK BESIDE THE BILLA BONG,
UP JUMPED THE SWAG MAN AND SIEZED HIM WITH GLEE,
AND HE SANG AS HE TALKED TO THAT JUMBUCK
IN HIS TUCKER BAG,
YOU'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME.

Chorus:

WALTZING MATILDA, WALTZING MATILDA,
WHO'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME?
AND HE SANG AS HE TALKED TO THAT JUMBUCK
IN HIS TUCKER BAG,
YOU'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME.

DOWN CAME THE STOCKMAN RIDING ON HIS THOROUGHBRED,
DOWN CAME THE TROOPERS ONE! TWO! THREE!
WHERE'S THAT JOLLY JUMBUCK THAT
YOU'LL GOT IN YOUR TUCKER BAG?
YOU'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME.

Chorus:

WALTZING MATILDA, WALTZING MATILDA,
WHO'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME?
WHERE'S THAT JOLLY JUMBUCK THAT
YOU'VE GOT IN YOUR TUCKER BAG?
YOU'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME.

UP JUMPED THE SWAG MAN-PLUMGED INTO THE BILLA BONG,
YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME ALIVE CRIED HE,
AND HIS GHOST MAY BE HEARD AS YOU
RIDE BESIDE THE BILLA BONG,
WHO'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME?

Chorus:

WALTZING MATILDA, WALTZING MATILDA,
WHO'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME?
AND HIS GHOST MAY BE HEARD AS YOU
RIDE BESIDE THE BILLA BONG,
WHO'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME?

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES

I'LL SING YOU ONE-OH,
GREEN GROW THE RUSHES OH.
WHAT IS YOUR ONE-OH?
ONE IS ONE AND ALL ALONE
AND NEVER MORE SHALL BE.

SO I'LL SING YOU TWO-OH.
GREEN GROW THE RUSHES OH.
WHAT ARE YOUR TWO-OH?
TWO TO THE LILY WHITE BOYS
COVERED ALL IN GREEN, HI-HO.
ONE IS ONE AND ALL ALONE
AND NEVER MORE SHALL BE.

SO I'LL SING YOU THREE-OH,
GREEN GROW THE RUSHES OH.
WHAT ARE YOUR THREE OH?
THREE, AWAY, THE LIFE BOAT CREW!
TWO TO THE LILY WHITE BOYS
COVERED ALL IN GREEN, HI-HO.
ONE IS ONE AND ALL ALONE
AND NEVER MORE SHALL BE.

4th VERSE:
FOUR FOR THE GOSPEL MAKERS.

5th VERSE:
FIVE FOR THE SYMBOLS AT YOUR DOOR.

6th VERSE:
SIX FOR THE SIX BROWN WALKERS.

7th VERSE:
SEVEN FOR THE SEVEN STARS IN THE SKY.

8th VERSE:
EIGHT FOR THE APRIL RAINERS.

9th VERSE:
NINE FOR THE NINE BRIGHT SHINERS.

10th VERSE:
TEN FOR THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

11th VERSE:
ELEVEN FOR THE LEVEN THAT WENT TO HEAVEN.

12th VERSE:
TWELVE FOR THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

THE FOX

THE FOX WENT OUT ON A CHILLY NIGHT
PRAYED FOR THE MOON TO GIVE HIM LIGHT,
FOR HE'D MANY A MILE TO GO THAT NIGHT
A-FORE HE REACHED THE TOWN-O, TOWN-O, TOWN-O;
HE'D MANY A MILE TO GO THAT NIGHT
A-FORE HE REACHED THE TOWN-O.

HE RAN 'TIL HE CAME TO A GREAT BIG BIN
WHERE THE DUCKS AND THE GEESE WERE PUT THERE-IN,
A COUPLE OF YOU WILL GREASE MY CHIN
A-FORE I LEAVE THIS TWON-O, TOWN-O, TOWN-O;
A COUPLE OF YOU WILL GREASE MY CHIN
A-FORE I LEAVE THIS TOWN-O.

HE GRABBED THE GREY GOOSE BY THE NECK
THROWED A DUCK ACROSS HIS BACK,
HE DIDN'T MIND THEIR QUACK, QUACK, QUACK
AND THEIR LEGS ALL DANGLIN' DOWN-O, DOWN-O, DOWN-O;
HE DIDN'T MIND THEIR QUACK, QUACK, QUACK
AND THEIR LEGS ALL DANGLIN' DOWN-O.

THEN OLD MOTHER FLIPPER-FLOPPER JUMPED OUT OF BED
OUT OF THE WINDOW SHE COCKED HER HEAD,
CRYIN, 'JOHN, JOHN! THE GREY GOOSE IS GONE
AND THE FOX IS ON THE TWON-O, TOWN-O TOWN-O;
JOHN, JOHN, THE GREY GOOSE IS GONE
AND THE FOX IS ON THE TOWN-O'.

THEN JOHN, HE WENT TO THE TOP OF THE HILL
BLOWED HIS HORN BOTH LOUD AND SHRILL,
THE FOX, HE SAID, 'I BETTER FLEE WITH MY KILL
OR THEY'LL SOON BE ON MY TRAIL-O, TRAIL-O, TRAIL-O'
THE FOX, HE SAID, 'I BETTER FLEE WITH MY KILL
OR THEY'LL SOON BE ON MY TRAIL-O'.

HE RAN 'TILL HE CAME TO HIS COZY DEN
THERE WERE THE LITTLE ONES EIGHT, NINE, TEN,
THEY SAID, 'DADDY, BETTER GO BACK AGAIN
'CAUSE IT MUST BE A MIGHTY FINE TOWN-O, TOWN-O,
TOWN-O';
THEY SAID, 'DDDY, BETTER GO BACK AGAIN
'CAUSE IT MUST BE A MIGHTY FINE TOWN-O.'

THE FOX AND HIS WIFE WITHOUT ANY STRIFE
CUT UP THE GOOSE WITH A FORK AND KNIFE,
THEY NEVER HAD SUCH A SUPPER IN THEIR LIFE
AND THE LITTLE ONES CHEWED ON THE BONES-O, BONES-O,
BONES-O;
THEY NEVER HAD SUCH A SUPPER IN THEIR LIFE
AND THE LITTLE ONES CHEWED ON THE BONES-O.

[8]

NAIROBI

OH, WE'RE FROM NAIROBI
OUR TEAM IS A GOOD ONE
WE PLAY THE WATUSI
THEY'RE SEVEN FEET TALL.

THE CANNIBALS MAY EAT US
BUT THEY'LL NEVER BEAT US
'CAUS WE'RE FROM NAIROBI
AND WE'RE ON THE BALL.

SINGING, UM GAWA, UM GAWA,
UM GAWA, UM GAWA, UM GAWA,
UM GAWA, UM GAWA WA.

BLACK AS SIN
RAISED ON GIN
WE'RE THE BOYS THAT ARE BOUND TO WIN!
N A I - R O B I
BOOGA LITCHIE, BOOGA LITCHIE, BOOGA LITCHIE,
BOOGA LITCHIE, BOOGA, LITCHIE, BOOGA LITCHIE,

SAMUEL HALL

OH, MY NAME IS SAMUEL HALL, SAMUEL HALL,
OH, MY NAME IS SAMUEL HALL,
AND I HATE YOU ONE AND ALL,
YOU'RE A LOT OF MUCKERS ALL-
DAMN YOUR EYES!

OH, I KILLED A MAN 'TIS SAID,
OH, I KILLED A MAN 'TIS SAID,
FOR I HIT HIM ON THE HEAD.
AND I LEFT HIM THERE FOR DEAD ---
DAMN HIS EYES!

AND THEY PUT ME IN THE QUAD IN THE QUAD, YES,
THEY PUT ME IN THE QUAD WITH A CHAIN AND IRON ROE
AND THEY LEFT ME THERE, BY GOD---
DAMN THEIR EYES!

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OH, THE PARSON HE DID COME, HE DID COME,
OH, THE PARSON HE DID COME
AND HE LOOKED SO BLOODY GLUM---
AS HE TALKED OF KINGDOM COME---
DAMN HIS EYES!

AND THE SHERIFF HE CAME TOO, HE CAME TOO,
AND THE SHERIFF HE CAME TOO,
WITH HIS BLOODY BOY IN BLUE,
THEY'VE A HANGING JOB TO DO--
DAMN THEIR EYES!

SO, IT'S UP THE ROPE I GO, UP I GO,
SO, IT'S UP THE ROPE I GO
WITH MY FRIEDS ALL DOWN BELOW,
SAYING, 'SAM, I TOLD YOU SO' ---
DAMN THEIR EYES!

OH, LET THIS BE MY KNELL, BE MY KNELL,
OH, LET THIS BE MY KNELL, AS YE LISTEN TO MY YELL,
HOPE TO GOD YOU SIZZLE WELL---
DAMN YOUR EYES!

MY BONNIE LASSIE

SOMEWHERE A SHIP AND CREW SAILS O' VER THE OCEAN BLUE,
BRINGIN' O BRINGIN' MY BONNIE LASS TO ME
THAT'S WHY THE DRUMS ARE DRUMMIN'
THAT'S WHY THE PIPES ARE HUMMIN'
MY BONNIE LASSIE'S COMIN' COMIN' TO ME.

DRUMS IN MY HEART ARE DRUMMIN'
I HEAR THE BAGPIPES HUMMIN'
MY BONNIE LASSIE'S COMIN OVER THE SEA,
MY HEART WITH HER SHE'S BRINGIN',
I HEAR THE BLUE BELLS RINGIN'
SOON WE'LL BE HIGHLAND FLINGIN' MY LOVE AND ME.

Chorus:

I'LL MEET HER AT THE SHORE PLAYIN' THE PIPES FOR HER,
DRESSED IN A KILT AND A TAM O' SHANTER TOO.
DRUMS IN MY HEART ARE DRUMMIN'
I HEAR THE BAGPIPES HUMMIN'
MY BONNIE LASSIE'S COMIN' COMIN' TO ME.

SAD ARE THE LADS SHE'S LEAVIN',
MANY A SIGH THEY'RE HEAVIN'
EVEN THE HEAVEN'S GRIEVIN' CRYIN' WITH DEW.
SHE LEFT HER NATIVE HIGHLAND TO
COME AND LIVE IN MY LAND
SHE'LL LOVE THE FOLKS WHO'LL SMILE AND SAY HOWDY-DO.

(Chorus)

ZAMBOANGA

OH, THE MONKEYS HAVE NO TAILS IN ZAMBOANGA---
OH, THE MONKEYS HAVE NO TAILS IN ZAMBOANGA---
OH, THE MONKEYS HAVE NO TAILS,
THEY WERE BITTEN OFF BY WHALES,
OH, THE MONKEYS HAVE NO TAILS IN ZAMBOANGA---

Chorus:

OH, WE WON'T GO BACK TO SUBIC ANYMORE---
OH WE WON'T GO BACK TO SUBIC
WHERE THEY MIX OUR WINE WITH TUBIC,
OH, WE WON'T GO BACK TO SUBIC ANYMORE.

OH, THE CARABAO HAVE NO HAIR IN MINDANAO---
OH, THE CARABAO HAVE NO HAIR IN MINDANAO---
NOW, THE CARABAO HAVE NO HAIR,
AND THEY RUN AROUND QUITE BARE---
FOR THE CARABAO HAVE NO HAIR IN MINDANAO.

(Chorus)

OH, THE BIRDIES HAVE NO FEET IN MARIVELES
OH, THE BIRDIES HAVE NO FEET IN MARIVELES
THE BIRDIES HAVE NO FEET,
THEY WERE BURNT OFF BY THE HEAT---
OH, THE BIRDIES HAVE NO FEET IN MARIVELES.

TURNING FROM THE '90'

HE WAS TURNING FROM THE '90',
GOING SIXTY KNOTS PER HOUR.
WHEN THE LSO WAS HEARD TO GIVE A SCREAM.
OH, HE LANDED IN THE WATER,
WITH HIS HAND UPON THE THROTTLE,
AND HIS MIXTURE IN AUTOMATIC LEAN.

NOW THE PRATT AND WHITNEY MAN,
SAID IT COULDN'T BE THE ENGINE,
'CAUSE THAT GOL'DARN ENGINE NEVER EVR STOPS.
SO, WHAT COULD BE FAIRER THAN TO CALL IT PILOT ERROR,
'CAUSE IT COULDN'T BE THE GOSH DARNED PROP.

MAYBE TIME YOU SPEAK SAYONARA
(ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH)

WHEN THE ICE IS ON THE RICE IN SOUTHERN HONSHU,
AND THE SAKI IN THE CELLAR STARTS TO FREEZE,
AND YOU WHISPER 'SWEET OH JOSAN I ADORE YOU.'
THEN YOU'RE GETTING JUST A SUKOSHI NIPPONESE.

WHEN YOU'RE DANCING TO THE STRAINS OF 'TANKO BUSHI',
AND YOU'RE ALWAYS SAYING 'DOZO' 'STEAD OF 'PLEASE'.
AND YOU ANSWER TELEPHONES WITH 'MOSHI-MOSHI',
I 'SINK' MAYBE YOU'RE GOING NIPPONESE.

AS YOU SIT UPON THE GRASS MAT SIPPING SAKI,
AND THE COLD WINDS A-WHIPPING ROUND YOUR KNEES,
AND YOU'RE MUNCHING ON SOME GOCHAN MIXED WITH SAKI,
THEN YOU'RE SURELY GETTING TAKUSAN NIPPONESE.

WHEN YOU START DISPENSING YEN LIKE IT WAS MONEY,
'STEAD OF FLINGING IT LIKE PAPER IN THE BREEZE,
AND YOU THINK THAT EVERYTHING YOU SAY IS FUNNY,
THEN, MY LAD, I KNOW YOU'RE TRULY NIPPONESE!

GORY, GORY
(BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC)

LETS' SING A TOAST TO THOSE WHO WEAR THE NAVY
WINGS OF GOLD.
THEY ARE FEARLESS FIGHTING SAILORS
WHO ARE STRONG AND BRAVE AND BOLD.
THEY CAROUSE A BIT AND PARTY AND DRINK QUANTITIES
UNTOLD.
BUT THEY' LL NEVER FLY HOME AGAIN.

Chorus:

GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELLAVA WAY TO DIE,
GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELLAVA WAY TO DIE,
GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELLAVA WAY TO DIE,
AND THEY' LL NEVER FLY HOME AGAIN.

HE WAS TURNING FROM THE 90 WHEN HE GOT A TRIFLE
SLOW,
HE IGNORED THE PLEADING PADDLES OF THE FRANTIC LSO.
WHEN HE FINALLY ADDED THROTTLE HE WAS JUST A TRIFLE
LOW.
AND HE' LL NEVER FLY HOME AGAIN.

(Chorus)

OH HE COULD HAVE ADDED THROTTLE AND JUST HAULED
ON THE STICK.
HE COULD HAVE FLOWN IT LIKE A BIRD INSTEAD OF LIKE
A BRICK.
NOW ALL THAT'S LEFT OF HIM IS JUST ANOTHER OIL SLICK,
AND HE' LL NEVER FLY HOME AGAIN.

(Chorus)

OH IT WASN' T LACK OF THROTTLE AND IT WASN' T FAULTY
TRIM,
HE WASN' T CLIMBING IN THE GROOVE, HE DIDN' T STALL OR
SPIN.
HE JUST FORGOT TO SWITCH HIS GAS,
TOO BAD HE COULDN' T SWIM
AND HE' LL NEVER FLY HOME AGAIN.

(Chorus)

THERE WERE LITTLE BITS OF AIRCRAFT SCATTERED O' ER THE
NAVAL BASE,
THERE'S A LITTLE POOL OF BLOOD TO MARK HIS FINAL
RESTING PLACE,
NOW HE WEARS A "MK 8" GUNSMITH WHERE HE USED TO WEAR
HIS FACE,
AND HE'LL NEVER FLY HOME AGAIN.

(Chorus)

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS GOING HOME TO HIS WIFE,
TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS LIFE,
MORE GAWDAMNED MONEY AND LESS FAMILY STRIFE,
AND HE'LL NEVER FLY HOME AGAIN.

(Chorus)

FIGHTER PILOTS

OH, THERE ARE NO NAVY PILOTS DOWN IN HELL,
THERE ARE NO NAVY PILOTS DOWN IN HELL,
THERE ARE PILOTS IT'S TRUE,
BUT THEY WEAR THE AIR FORCE BLUE, BUT
THERE ARE NO NAVY PILOTS DOWN IN HELL.

OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL,
THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL,
THERE ARE MULTI-ENGINE QUEERS, NAVIGATORS,
BOMBARDIERS, BUT,
THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL.

OH, THERE ARE NO NAVY PILOTS DOWN IN HELL,
THERE ARE NO NAVY PILOTS DOWN IN HELL,
THERE ARE MARINES BY THE SCORE,
SHOUTING, 'GLORY TO THE CORPS', BUT,
THERE ARE NO NAVY PILOTS DOWN IN HELL.

OH, THERE ARE NO NAVY PILOTS DOWN IN HELL,
THERE ARE NO NAVY PILOTS DOWN IN HELL,
THEY ARE ALL UP ABOVE DRINKING GIN
AND MAKING LOVE.

OH, IT'S WHISKEY, WHISKEY, WHISKEY,
THAT MAKES YOU FEEL SO FRISKY
IN THE CORPS, IN THE CORPS,
OH, IT'S WHISKEY, WHISKEY, WHISKEY,
THAT MAKES YOU FEEL SO FRISKY
IN THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS.

Chorus:

MY EYES ARE DIM, I CANNOT SEE
I HAVE NOT BROUGHT MY SPECKS WITH ME
(I HAVE-HEY! NOT-HO! BROUGHT MY SPECKS WITH ME.)

2nd VERSE:

OH, IT'S GIN, GIN, GIN THAT MAKES YOU WANT TO SIN

(Chorus)

3rd VERSE:

OH, IT'S WATER, WATER, WATER,
THAT MAKES YOU FEEL YOU OUGHTER

(Chorus)

4th VERSE:

OH, IT'S WINE, WINE, WINE,
THAT MAKES YOU FEEL SO FINE

(Chorus)

5th VERSE:

OH, IT'S VODKA, VODKA, VODKA,
THAT MAKES YOU FEEL SO HODKA

(Chorus)

OH, IT'S COKE, COKE, COKE,
THAT MAKES YOU WANT TO CHOKE

(Chorus)

THE SINKING OF THE TITANIC

OH, THEY BUILT THE SHIP TITANIC,
TO SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE,
AND THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD A SHIP THAT THE WATER
WOULD NEVER LEAK THROUGH,
BUT THE LORD'S ALMIGHTY HAND
KNEW THIS SHIP WOULD NEVER STAND,
IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN.

Chorus:

OH, IT WAS SAD, SO SAD,
OH, IT WAS SAD, SO SAD,
IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN,
TO THE BOTTOM OF THE HUSBANDS AND WIVES
LITTLE CHILDREN LOST THEIR LIVES,
IT SAD SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN.

OH, THEY SAILED FROM ENGLAND,
AND WERE ALMOST TO THE SHORE,
WHEN THE RICH REFUSED TO ASSOCIATE WITH THE POOR.
SO THEY PUT THEM ALL BELOW,
WHERE THEY WERE THE FIRST TO GO,
IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN.

(Chorus)

OH, THAT SHIP WAS FULL OF SIN,
AND THE SIDES ABOUT TO BURST.
WHEN THE CAPTAIN SHOUTED, 'WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST!'
THEN HE TRIED TO SEND A WIRE,
BUT THE WIRES WERE ALL ON FIRE,
IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN.

(Chorus)

OH, THE CREW WAS NOT AFRAID,
AND THEY TRIED TO LOWER BOATS,
BUT THE WAVES WERE CRUEL AND NARY A BOAT WOULD FLOAT.
SO THEY ALL PUT ON THEIR BELTS,
AND PREPARED THEMSELVES TO DROWN,
IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN.

(Chorus)

OH, THE CAPTAIN WAS AFRAID,
AND WAS JUST ABOUT TO FLEE,
WHEN THE BAND STRUCK UP WITH
'A-NEARER MY GOD TO THEE!'
THEN THEY ALL WENT DOWN IN BRINE,
AND THE FOLKS THEY LEFT BEHIND,
IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN.

R. H. I. P.

OH, THE OFFICERS RIDE IN A MOTORBOAT,
THE CAPTAIN, HE RIDES IN A GIG.
IT DON'T GO A DOGGONE BIT FASTER,
BUT IT MAKES THE OLD B----FEEL BIG!

OH, THE OFFICERS RIDE IN A MOTORBOAT,
THE ADMIRAL, HE RIDES IN HIS BARGE.
IT DON'T GET THERE A DOGGONE BIT SOONER,
BUT IT MAKES THE OLD B----FEEL LARGE!

OH, THE OFFICERS EAT IN THE WARDROOM,
THE CAPTAIN, HE EATS ALONE.
HE DON'T EAT A DOGGONE BIT BETTER,
BUT HE GETS TO TAKE SOME OF IT HOME!

THE ENLISTED MEN RIDE IN A MOTOR LAUNCH,
THE ENSIGN, HE RIDES IN THERE TOO.
THE ENSIGN, HE RIDES IN THE STERNsheets--
MY GOSH! WHAT ONE STRIPE WILL DO!

IT'S NOT THE ROLLING AND PITCHING WE CARE ABOUT,
NOR THE FOAM ON THE CREST OF THE WAVES:
IT'S THE FOAM IN THE NECK OF THE BOTTLE,
THAT'S DRAGGING US DOWN TO OUR GRAVES.

"DRINK, DRANK, DRUNK"

DRINK, DRINK, DRINK, DRINK,
DRANK, DRANK, DRANK, DRANK,
DRUNK, DRUNK, DRUNK, DRUNK,
DRUNK LAST NIGHT
DRUNK THE NIGHT BEFORE,
GONNA GET DRUNK TONITE
LIKE I'VE NEVER BEEN DRUNK BEFORE,
FOR WHEN I'M DRUNK, I'M HAPPY AS CAN BE,
FOR I AM A MEMBER OF THE SUSE FAMILY.

NOW THE SOUSE FAMILY IS THE BEST FAMILY,
THAT EVER CAME OVER FROM OLD GERMANY.
THERE'S THE HIGHLAND DUTCH AND THE LOWLAND DUTCH
AND THE ROTTERDAM DUTCH AND THE GAWDAMNED DUTCH.

SINGING GLORIOUS, GLORIOUS,
ONE KEG OF BEER FOR THE FOUR OF US,
SING GLORY BE TO GOD THAT THERE ARE NO MORE OF US,
FOR ONE OF US COULD DRINK IT ALL ALONE,
LONE, LONE, LONE, LONE, ALL ALONE.

'TWAS A COLD WINTERS' EVENING

'TWAS A COLD WINTERS' EVENING,
THE GUESTS WERE ALL LEAVING,
O' LEARY WAS CLOSING THE BAR.
WHEN HE TURNED AND HE SAID TO THE LADY IN RED,
'GET OUT, YOU CAN'T STAY WHERE YOU ARE'.
SHE SHED A SAD TEAR IN HER BUCKET OF BEER
AS SHE THOUGHT OF THE COLD NIGHT AHEAD.
WHEN A GENTLEMAN DAPPER STEPPED OUT OF THE PHONEBOOTH
AND THESE ARE THE WORDS THAT HE SAID:
'HER MOTHER NEVER TOLD HER THE THINGS
A YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW,
ABOUT THE WAYS OF NAVY MEN AND HOW THEY COME AND GO.
NOW AGE HAS TAKEN HER BEAUTY AND SIN
HAS LEFT ITS' SAD SCAR.
SO REMEMBER YOUR SISTERS AND MOTHERS BOYS
AND LET HER SLEEP UNDER THE BAR.

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

AS I WAS A-WALKING DOWN PARADISE STREET,
TO ME WAY-AY, BLOW THE MAN DOWN!
A LIVERPOOL BOBBY I CHANCED FOR TO MEET,
GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN!

SAYS HE, 'YOU' RE A BLACKBALLER
BY THE CUT OF YOUR HAIR;
I KNOW YOU' RE A BLACKBALLER BY THE CLOTHES THAT YOU
WEAR.

'YOU' VE SAILED IN A PACKET THAT ELIES THE BLACK BALL,
YOU' VE ROBBED SOME POOR DUTCHMAN OF BOOTS,
CLOTHES AND ALL.'

'O POLICEMAN, POLICEMAN, YOU DO ME GREAT WRONG
I' M A 'FLYING FISH' SAILOR JUST HOME FROM HONGKONG!'

THEY GAVE ME SIX MONTHS IN LIVERPOOL TOWN
FOR KICKING A P' LICEMAN AND BLOWING HIM DOWN.

PILE OF DEBRIS
(ISLE OF CAPRI)

'TWAS ON A PILE OF DEBRIS THAT I FOUND HER,
AND SHE WAS PLASTERED, AS PLASTERED COULD BE,
OH, YOU COULD SMELL GIN FOR TEN BLOCKS AROUND HER,
WHEN WE MET ON THAT PILE OF DEBRIS.

NOW I WAS TIGHT BUT I KNEW SHE WAS TIGHTER,
WE WERE BOTH DRUNK, JUST AS DRUNK AS COULD BE,
AND I WAS TIRED SO I LAID DOWN BESIDES HER,
WHEN WE MET ON THAT GAED AWFUL SPREE.

I COULD HER THE LADY MUTTER,
AS SHE GENTLY SHED A TEAR,
'THIS IS MY OWN PRIVATE GUTTER,
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?'

AND WHEN THE COPS FOUND US BOTH IN THE MORNING,
WE WERE PALS IT WAS EASY TO SEE,
HAND IN HAND, PASSED OUT COLD IN THE DAWNING,
WE FOUND LOVE ON THAT PILE OF DEBRIS.

PERSONAL FRIEND OF MINE

MANY'S THE NIGHT I SPENT WITH MINNIE THE MERMAID
DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA,
THERE AMONG THE CORAL, MINNIE LOST HER MORALS,
OH, BUT SHE WAS GOOD TO ME.

NOW YOU CAN EASILY SEE SHE'S NOT MY MOTHER,
'CAUSE MY MOTHER'S FORTY NINE,
AND YOU CAN EASILY SEE SHE'S NOT MY SISTER,
'CAUSE I WOULDN'T SHOW MY SISTER
SUCH A HELLAVA GOOD TIME.

AND YOU CAN EASILY SEE SHE'S NOT MY SWEETIE,
'CAUSE MY SWEETIE'S TOO REFINED.
SHE'S JUST A WONDERFUL KID,
WHO NEVER CARED WHAT SHE DID,
SHE'S JUST A PERSONAL FRIEND OF MINE
(ROLL OVER MABEL)
SHE'S JUST A PERSONAL FRIEND OF MINE.

RUGGED BUT RIGHT

I JUST CALLED UP TO TELL YOU
THAT I'M RUGGED BUT RIGHT,
A RAMBLIN' GAL, A GAMBLIN' GAL,
AND DRUNK EVERY NIGHT.
I EAT A PORTERHOUSE STEAK THREE
TIMES A DAY FOR MY BOARD
MORE THAN ANY ORDINARY GIRL CAN AFFORD.

I' VE GOT A BIG ELECTRIC FAN TO KEEP ME COOL WHEN I EAT,
A GREAT BIG HANDSOME MAN TO KEEP ME WARM WHEN I SLEEP.
I' M JUST A RAMBLIN' GAL, A GAMBLIN' GAL
AND LORD AM I TIGHT.
I JUST CALLED UP TO TELL YOU THAT I' M RUGGED BUT RIGHT.

WE MAY BE BROWN-SKINNED LASSIES, BOYS,
BUT WHAT DO YOU CARE,
WE' VE GOT THOSE STREAMLINED CHASIS AND
DOR OR DIE AIR,
WE' VE GOT THE HIPS THAT SUNK THE SHIPS IN ENGLAND,
FRANCE AND PERU,
AND IF YOU' RE LIKE NAPOLEON THAT' S YOUR WATERLOO.

I' LL TAKE FIFTEEN MINUTE INTERMISSION IN YOUR V-8,
I' D LIKE TO MAKE IT LONGER BUT I' VE GOT A LATE DATE,
THE BOYS AREN' T GONNA BE HERE SO DROP IN FOR TONIGHT.
I JUST CALLED UP TO TELL YOU THAT I' M RUGGED BUT RIGHT.

ROLL ME OVER

NOW, THIS IS NUMBER ONE AND THE FUN HAS JUST BEGUN

Chorus:

ROLL ME OVER, LAY ME DOWN AND DO IT AGAIN
ROLL ME OVER, IN THE CLOVER, ROLL ME OVER
LAY ME DOWN AND DO IT AGAIN.

2nd VERSE:

NOW, THIS IS NUMBER TWO AND MY HAND IS ON HER SHOE

(Chorus)

3rd VERSE:

NOW, THIS IS NUMBER THREE AND MY HAND IN ONER KNEE

(Chorus)

4th VERSE:

NOW, THIS IS NUMBER FOUR AND I'VE GOT HER ON THE
FLOOR

(Chorus)

5th VERSE:

NOW, THIS IS NUMBER FIVE AND MY HAND IS ON HER
THIGH

(Chorus)

6th VERSE:

NOW, THIS IS NUMBER SIX AND WE'RE IN A HELLUVA FIX

(Chorus)

7th VERSE:

NOW, THIS IS NUMBER SEVEN AND I FEEL LIKE I'M IN
HEAVEN

(Chorus)

8th VERSE:

NOW, THIS IS NUMBER EIGHT AND THE DOCTOR'S AT THE
GATE

(Chorus)

9th VERSE:

NOW, THIS IS NUMBER NINE AND THE BABY'S DOING FINE

(Chorus)

10th VERSE:

NOW, THIS NUMBER TEN AND LET'S DO IT ALL OVER
AGAIN.

(Chorus)

4th VERSE:

NOW, THIS IS NUMBER FOUR AND I'VE GOT HER ON THE
FLOOR

(Chorus)

5th VERSE:

NOW, THIS IS NUMBER FIVE AND MY HAND IS ON HER
THIGH

(Chorus)

6th VERSE:

NOW, THIS IS NUMBER SIX AND WE'RE IN A HELLUVA FIX

(Chorus)

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HEAVEN

(Chorus)

8th VERSE:

NOW, THIS IS NUMBER EIGHT AND THE DOCTOR'S AT THE
GATE

(Chorus)

9th VERSE:

NOW, THIS IS NUMBER NINE AND THE BABY'S DOING FINE

(Chorus)

10th VERSE:

NOW, THIS NUMBER TEN AND LET'S DO IT ALL OVER
AGAIN.

(Chorus)

SHANTY TOWN

IT'S ONLY A SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN,
THE ROOF IS SO SLANTY IT TOUCHES THE GROUND.
JUST A TUMBLED DOWN SHACK BY AN OLD RAILROAD
TRACK,
LIKE A MILLIONAIRES' MANSION, KEEPS CALLING ME BACK.

I'D GIVE UP A PALACE IF I WERE A KING,
IT'S MORE THAN A PALACE, IT'S MY EVERYTHING.
THERE'S A QUEEN WAITING THERE, WITH A SILVER
CROWN,
IN A SHANTY, IN OLD SHANTY TOWN.

THERE'S A SHANTY IN A TOWN, ON A LITTLE PLOT
OF GROUND,
WHERE THE GREEN GRASS GROWS ALL AROUND, ALL
AROUND,
THE ROOF SO WORN, SO BADLY TORN, THAT IT TUMBLES
TO THE GROUND.

JUST A TUMBLE DOWN SHACK AND IT'S BUILT WAY BACK,
BOUT TWENTY FIVE FEET FROM THE RAILROAD TRACK.
LINGERS ON MY MIND, MOST ALL OF THE TIME,
KEEPS CALLING ME BACK TO THE LITTLE GRASS
SHACK.

I'D BE JUST AS CLASSY, AS HALIE SALASSI, IF I
WERE A KING WOULDN'T MEAN A THING.
PUT MY BOOTS ON TALL, READ THE WRITING ON THE
WALL,
BUT IT WOULDN'T MEAN A THING, NOT A GOSH
DARNED THING.

THERE'S A QUEEN WAITING THERE IN HER ROCKING
CHAIR,
BLOWIN HER TOP, CAUSE I AIN'T THERE
LOOKIN ALL AROUND AND TRUCKIN ON DOWN, CAUSE,
I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MY SHANTY TOWN.

WIFFENPOOF SONG

TO THE TABLE DOWN AT MAURIE'S
TO THE PLACE WHERE LOUIE DWELLS,
TO THE DEAR OLD TEMPLE BAR,
WE LOVE SO WELL.

WHERE THE WIFFENPOOFS ASSEMBLE,
WITH THEIR GLASSES RAISED ON HIGH
AND THE MAGIC OF THEIR SINGING
CASTS A SPELL.

YES, THE MAGIC OF THEIR SINGING,
OF THE SONGS WE LOVE SO WELL.
"SHALL LIE WASTING" AND "MAVOURNEEN"
AND THE REST.

WE WILL SERENADE OUR LOUIE,
WHILE LIFE AND LOVE SHALL LAST,
AND WE'LL PASS AND BE FORGOTTEN
WITH THE REST.

WE ARE POOR LITTLE LAMBS,
WHO HAVE LOST THEIR WAY,
BAA, BAA, BAA.
WE'RE LITTLE BLACK SHEEP,
WHO HAVE GONE ASTRAY,
BAA, BAA, BAA.

GENTLEMAN SONGSTERS OUT ON A SPREE,
DAMNED FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.
GOD HAVE MERCY ON SUCH AS WE,
BAA, BAA, BAA.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

DOWN IN THE VALLEY,
THE VALLEY SO LOW,
HANG YOUR HEAD OVER,
HEAR THE WIND BLOW.

HEAR THE WIND BLOW, LOVE,
HEAR THE WIND BLOW,
HANG YOUR HEAD OVER,
HEAR THE WIND BLOW.

ROSES LOVE SUNSHINE,
VIOLETS LOVE DEW,
ANGELS IN HEAVEN
KNOW I LOVE YOU.

IF YOU DON'T LOVE ME,
LOVE WHO YOU PLEASE,
PUT YOUR ARMS 'ROUND ME,
GIVE MY HEART EASE.

GIVE MY HEART EASE, LOVE,
GIVE MY HEART EASE,
PUT YOURS ARMS 'ROUND ME.
GIVE MY HEART EASE.

WRITE ME A LETTER,
SEND IT BY MAIL,
SEND IT IN CARE OF
THE BIRMINGHAM JAIL.
BIRMINGHAM JAIL,
BIRMINGHAM JAIL,
SEND IT IN CARE OF
THE BIRMINGHAM JAIL,

BUILD ME A CASTLE
FORTY FEET HIGH,
SO I CAN SEE HER
AS SHE RIDES BY.

AS SHE RIDES BY, LOVE,
AS SHE RIDES BY,
SO I CAN SEE HER,
AS SHE RIDES BY.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY,
THE VALLEY SO LOW,
HANG YOUR HEAD OVER,
HEAP THE WIND BLOW.

"RED RIVER VALLEY"

FROM THIS VALLEY THEY SAY YOU ARE GOING,
WE WILL MISS YOUR BRIGHT EYES AND SWEET SMILE,
FOR THEY SAY YOU ARE TAKING THE SUNSHINE,
THAT WAS BRIGHTENED OUR PATH ALL THE WHILE,

COME AND SIT BY MY SIDE LITTLE DARLING,
DO NOT HASTEN TO BID ME ADIEU,
BUT REMEMBER THE RED RIVER VALLEY,
AND THE ONE WHO HAS LOVED YOU SO TRUE.

WON'T YOU THINK OF THIS VALLEY 'YRE LEAVING?
HOW, LONELY, NOW DEAR IT WILL BE.
WON'T YOU THINK OF THE HEART YOU ARE BREAKING,
AND THE GRIEF YOU ARE CAUSING TO ME?

FOR A LONG TIME I'VE WAITED, MY DARLING.
FOR THOSE WORDS YOU NEVER COULD SAY,
BUT AT LAST MY FOND HOPES HAVE VANISHED,
FOR THEY SAY YOU ARE GOING AWAY.

SUNSHINE

THE OTHER NIGHT DEAR, AS I LAY SLEEPING,
I DREAMPT I HELD YOU IN MY ARMS,
WHEN I AWOKE DEAR, I WAS MISTAKEN,
SO I HUNG MY HEAD AND CRIED.

Chorus:

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE, MY ONLY SUNSHINE,
YOU MAKE ME HAPPY WHEN SKIES ARE GREY.
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW DEAR, HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU,
PLEASE DON'T TAKE MY SUNSHINE AWAY.

I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU AND MAKE YOU HAPPY,
IF YOU WILL ONLY SAY THE SAME.
BUT IF YOU LEAVE ME TO LOVE ANOTHER,
YOU'LL REGRET IT ALL SOMEDAY.

YOU TOLD ME ONCE DEAR, YOU REALLY LOVED ME,
AND NO ONE ELSE COULD COME BETWEEN.
BUT NOW YOU' VE LEFT ME AND LOVE ANOTHER,
YOU HAVE SHATTERED ALL MY DREAMS.

(Chorus)

IRENE

LAST SATURDAY NIGHT I GOT MARRIED
ME AND MY WIFE SETTLED DOWN
NOW ME AND MY WIFE ARE PARTED
GUESS I' LL TAKE ANOTHER STROLL DOWN TOWN

Chorus

GOODNIGHT IRENE, IRENE GOODNIGHT
GOODNIGHT IRENE, GOODNIGHT IRENE
I' LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS

SOMETIMES I LIVE IN THE COUNTRY
SOMETIMES I LIVE IN TOWN
SOMETIMES I TAKE A GREAT NOTION
TO JUMP INTO THE RIVER AND DROWN

Chorus

STOP YOUR RAMBLING, STOP YOUR GAMBLING
STOP STAYING OUT LATE AT NIGHT
GO HOME TO YOUR WIFE AND FAMILY
STAY HOME BY THE FIRESIDE BRIGHT

Chorus

SILVER DOLLAR

OH, A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN,
IS LIKE A SHIP WITHOUT A SAIL,
IS LIKE A BOAT WITHOUT A RUDDER,
IS LIKE A KITE WITHOUT A TAIL.

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN,
IS LIKE A RAFT CAST ON THE SHORE.
BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING WORSE
IN THE UNIVERSE,
IT'S A WOMAN, I SAID A WOMAN,
IT'S A WOMAN WITHOUT A MAN.

NOW YOU CAN THROW A SILVER DOLLAR
DOWN ON THE GROUND,
AND IT'LL ROLL BECAUSE ITS ROUND.
A WOMAN NEVER KNOWS
WHAT A GOOD MAN SHE'S GOT,
UNTIL SHE TURNS HIM DOWN.

MY HONEY LISTEN, MY HONEY LISTEN TO ME,
I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND,
AS A SILVER DOLLAR GOES FROM HAND TO HAND,
SO A WOMAN GOES FROM MAN TO MAN.
(ROLL OVER MABLE, ETC)

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I WISH ALL THE GIRLS WERE LIKE LITTLE WHITE RABBITS
AND I WERE A HARE, I WOULD TEACH THEM BAD HABITS.

Chorus:

OH, ROLL YOUR LEG OVER, OH, ROLL YOUR LEG OVER,
OH, ROLL YOUR LEG OVER THE MAN IN THE MOON.

I WISH ALL THE GIRLS WERE LIKE SHEEP IN THE PASTURE,
AND I WERE A RAM, I WOULD MAKE THEM RUN FASTER.

(Chorus)

I WISH ALL THE GIRLS WERE LIKE PRETTY WHITE FLOWERS,
AND I WERE A BEE, I WOULD BUZZ THEM FOR HOURS.

(Chorus)

I WISH ALL THE GIRLS WERE LIKE FISH IN THE OCEAN,
AND I WERE A WAVE, I WOULD SHOW THEM SOME MOTION.

(Chorus)

I WISH ALL THE GIRLS WERE LIKE SLEEK LITTLE MARES,
AND I WERE A STALLION, I'D GIVE THEM ALL SCARES.

(Chorus))

WE LAUGH AND WE JEST AND WE JOKE ALL ABOUT IT,
IT'S ONLY BECAUSE WE ARE DOING WITHOUT IT.

(Chorus)

'DARKTOWN STRUTTER'S BALL'

I'LL BE DOWN TO GET YOU IN A TAXI, HONEY,
BETTER BE READY 'BOUT HALF PAST EIGHT,
NOW DEARIE, DON'T BE LATE,
I WANT TO GET THERE WHEN THE BAND STARTS PLAYING,
REMEMBER, WHEN WE GET THERE HONEY,
THE TWO STEPS, I'M GONNA HAVE THEM ALL,
GONNA DANCE OFF BOTH MY SHOES, WHEN THEY PLAY THOSE
JELLY-ROLL BLUES,
TOMORROW NIGHT AT THE DARKTOWN STRUTTER'S BALL.

THAT LOVIN' DUMMY OF MINE

(BETTY COED)

I TOOK TWO LEGS FROM AN OLD TABLE,
I TOOK TWO ARMS FROM AN OLD CHAIR,
I TOOK THE NECK FROM AN OLD BOTTLE,
AND FROM A HORSE I TOOK SOME HAIR,
(I TOOK SOME HAIR)

AND THEN I PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER,
WITH THE AID OF WIRE AND GLUE.
AND I GOT MORE LOVIN'
FROM THAT GAWDAMNED DUMMY,
THAN I EVER GOT FROM YOU.

TELL ME WHY

TELL ME WHY THE IVY TWINES
TELL ME WHY THE STARS DO SHINE
TELL ME WHY THE SKY SO BLUE

BECAUSE GOD MADE THE IVY TWINE
BECAUSE GOD MADE THE STARS TO SHINE
BECAUSE GOD MADE THE SKY 'SO BLUE
BECAUSE GOD MADE YOU THAT'S WHY I LOVE YOU

'SOME OF THESE DAYS'

SOME OF THESE DAYS, YOU'RE GONNA MISS ME HONEY,
SOME OF THESE DAYS, YOU'RE GONNA BE SO LONELY,
YOU'LL MISS MY HUGGING, YOU'LL MISS MY KISSING,
YOU'LL MISS ME HONEY, WHEN I'M AWAY.
YOU'LL BE SO LONELY, JUST FOR ME ONLY,
CAUSE YOU KNOW BABY, THAT YOU'VE HAD YOUR WAY,
AND WHEN YOU LEAVE ME, IT'S GONNA GRIEVE ME,
YOU'RE GONNA MISS YOUR LOVIN' POPPA, SOME OF THESE
DAYS.

'WORKING ON THE RAILROAD'

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD
ALL THE LIVELONG DAY,
I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD
JUST TO PASS THE TIME AWAY,
CAN'T YOU HEAR THE WHISTLE BLOWING,
RISE UP SO EARLY IN THE MORN
CAN'T YOU HEAR THE CAPTAIN SHOUTING,
DINAH, BLOW YOUR HORN.

DINAH WON'T YOU BLOW, DINAH WON'T YOU BLOW, DINAH,
WON'T YOU BLOW YOUR HORN (YOUR HORN)
DINAH WON'T YOU BLOW, DINAH WON'T YOU BLOW,
DINAH, WON'T YOU BLOW YOUR HORN?
SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH DINAH,
SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN, I KNOW (I KNOW).
SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH DINAH,
STRUMMING ON THE OLD BANJO.
SINGING FEE FI FIDDLE E I O,
FEE FI FIDDLE E I O O O O,
FEE FI FIDDLE E I O, STRUMMING ON THE OLD BANJO.

'THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD'

IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD AND I WAS
THE ONLY BOY,
NOTHING ELSE WOULD MATTER IN THE WORLD TODAY,
WE COULD GO ON LOVING IN THE SAME OLD WAY.
A GARDEN OF ROSES, JUST MEANT FOR TWO, WITH NOTHING
TO MAR OUR JOY,
I WOULD SAY SUCH WONDERFUL THINGS TO YOU,
THERE WOULD BE SUCH WONDERFUL THINGS TO DO,
IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD.
AND I WAS THE ONLY BOY.

KATHLEEN

I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN, KATHLEEN
ACROSS THE OCEAN WILD AND WIDE
TO WHERE YOUR HEART HAS EVER BEEN
SINCE FIRST YOU WERE MY BONNIE BRIDE

THE ROSES ALL HAVE LEFT YOU CHEEKS
I'VE WATCHED THEM FADE AWAY AND DIE
YOUR VOICE IS SAD WHEN E' ER YOU SPEAK
AND TEARS BEDIM YOUR LOVING EYES

I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN KATHLEEN
TO WHERE YOUR HEART SHALL WON PAIN
AND WHEN THE FILES ARE FRESH AND BGREEN
I WILL TAKE YOU TO YOUR HOME, KATHLEEN

'WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE'

WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE, AND THE CLOUDS
GO DRIFTING BY,
WE WILL BE HAPPY, NELLIE, YOU AND I.
DOWN LOVER'S LANE WE'LL WANDER, SWEETHEART YOU AND I,
SO WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE, BY AND BY.

'TAVERN IN THE TOWN'

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN, IN THE TOWN.
AND THERE MY TRUE LOVE SITS HIM DOWN,
SITS HIM DOWN,
AND HE DRINKS HIS WINE AS MERRY AS CAN BE,
AND NEVER, NEVER, THINKS OF ME.
FARE THEE WELL, FOR I MUST LEAVE THEE,
DO NOT LET THIS PARTING GRIEVE THEE,
AND REMEMBER THAT THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST SAY
'GOODBY',
ADIEU, ADIEU, KIND FRIENDS, ADIEU, (YES ADIEU),
I CAN NO LONGER STAY WITH YOU,
I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WEEPING WILLOW TREE,
FARE THE WELL, FARE THE WELL, FARE THE WELL.

'OLD MILL STREAM'

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM, WHERE I FIRST MET YOU,
WITH YOUR EYES SO BLUE, DRESSED IN GINGHAM TOO,
IT WAS THEN I KNEW, THAT YOU LOVED ME TOO,
YOU WERE SIXTEEN, MY VILLAGE QUENN,
DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM
(NOT THE RIVER BUT THE STREAM.

'SWEETEST OF SIGMA CHI'

THE GIRL OF MY DREAM IS THE SWEETEST GIRL
OF ALL THE GIRLS I KNOW,
EACH FAIR COED LIKE A RAINBOW TRAIL,
FADES IN THE AFTERGLOW.
THE BLUE OF HER EYES AND THE GOLD OF HER HAIR,
ARE A BLEND OF THE WESTERN SKY.
AND THE MOONLIGHT BEAMS ON THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS,
SHE'S THE SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI.

'BUDDY'

NIGHTS ARE LONG SINCE YOU WENT AWAY,
I DREAM ABOUT YOU ALL THROUGH THE DAY,
MY BUDDY, MY BUDDY, NOBODY QUITE SO TRUE,
I MISS YOUR SMILE THE TOUCH OF YOUR HAND,
I MISS YOU MORE THAN YOU UNDERSTAND,
MY BUDDY, MY BUDDY, YOUR BUDDY MISSES YOU.

'MOONLIGHT BAY'

WE WERE SAILING ALONG, ON MOONLIGHT BAY.
YOU COULD HEAR THE DARKIES SINGING.
THEY SEEMED TO SAY,
YOU HAVE STOLEN MY HEART - NOW DON' T GO WAY,
AS WE SANG LOVES OLD SWEET SONG ON MOONLIGHT BAY.

'I WANT A GIRL'

I WANT A GIRL JUST LIKE THE GIRL,
THAT MARRIED DEAR OLD DAD
SHE WAS A PAL AND THE ONLY GAL THAT DADDY EVER HAD.
A GOOD OLD FASHINOED GIRL WITH HEART SO TRUE,
ONE WHO LOVES NOBODY ELSE BUT YOU,
I WANT A GIRL JUST LIKE THE GIRL
THAT MARRIED DEAR OLD DAD.

I WANT A BEER JUST LIKE THE BEER,
THAT PICKLED MY OLD MAN.
IT WAS A BEER AND THE ONLY BEER THAT DADDY EVER HAD.
A GOOD OLD LAGER BEER WITH LOTS OF FOAM.
IT TOOK SIX MEN TO CARRY DADDY HOME.
OH, I WANT A BEER JUST LIKE THE BEER
THAT PICKLED MY OLD MAN

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT,
YOU CAN HEAR THOSE DARKIES SINGIN,
IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT,
YOU CAN HEAR THOSE BANJOS RINGIN.

HOW THE OLD FOLKS WOULD ENJOY IT,
THEY WOULD SIT ALL NIGHT AND LISTEN,
AS WE SANG, IN THE EVENING, BY THE MOONLIGHT

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME, IN THE GOOD
OLD SUMMERTIME,
WALKING DOWN A SHADY LANE, WITH MY SWEETIE MINE,
I'LL HOLD HER HAND AND SHE'LL HOLD MINE
AND THAT'S A VERY GOOD SIGN,
THAT SHE'S MY TOOTSIE-WOOTSIE,
IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME.

'I ONLY WANT A BUDDY'

I ONLY WANT A BUDDY NOT A SWEETHEART,
BUDDIES NEVER MAKE YOU BLUE.
SWEETHEARTS MAKE VOWS THAT ARE BROKEN,
AS THERE HEARTS ARE BROKEN TOO.
DON'T TELL YOU THAT YOU LOVE ME, SAY YOU LIKE ME,
NO LOVER'S QUARRELS, NO BUNGALOWS FOR TWO,
DON'T TURN DOWN LOVER'S LANE, JUST KEEP RIGHT ON
THE SAME, I ONLY WANT A BUDDY NOT A GAL.

'FRIVOLOUS SAL'

THEY CALL HER FRIVOLOUS SAL, A PECULIAR SORT OF A GAL,
WITH A HEART THAT IS MELLOW, AN ALL ROUND GOOD FELLOW,
IS MY OLD PAL.

ALL SORTS OF TROUBLES AND CARES, SHE WAS ALWAYS
WILLING TO SHARE.

A WILD SORT OF DEVIL, BUT DEAD ON THE LEVEL
WAS MY GAL SAL.

'MARY'

FOR IT WAS MARY, MARY, PLAIN AS ANY NAME CAN BE,
BUT WITH PROPRIETY, SOCIETY WILL SAY 'MARIE'.
BUT IT WAS MARY, MARY, LONG BEFORE THE FASHIONS CAME,
FOR THERE IS SOMETHING THERE, THAT SOUNDS SO SQUARE,
IT'S A GRAND OLD NAME.

'SWANEE'

SWANEE, HOW I LOVE YOU, HOW I LOVE YOU,
MY DEAR OLD SWANEE,
I'D GIVE THE WORLD TO BE, AMONG THE FOLDS IN,
D-I-X-I EVEN SEE MY MAMMY,
WAITING FOR ME, PRAYING FOR ME,
DOWN BY THE SWANEE.
THOSE FOLKS UP NORTH WILL SEE ME NO MORE,
WHEN I GET TO THAT SWANEE SHORE.

'I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS'

I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS, HOLD YOU IN MY DREAMS,
SOMEONE TOOK YOU OUT OF MY ARMS,
STILL I FEEL THE THRILL OF YOUR CHARMS.
LIPS THAT ONCE WERE MINE, TENDER EYES THAT SHINE,
THEY WILL LIGHT OUR WAY TONIGHT,
I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS.

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WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP'

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP, A BIG YELLOW TULIP,
AND I WORE A BIG RED ROSE.
WHEN YOU CARRESSED ME, WASTHEN HEAVEN BLESSED ME,
WHAT A BLESSIGN NO ONE KNOWS.
YOU MADE LIFE CHEERIE, WHEN YOU CALLED ME DEARIE,
WAY DOWN WHERE THE BLUE GRASS GROWS.
YOUR LIPS WERE SWEETER THAN JULEP,
WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP,
AND I WORE A BIG RED ROSE.

HEART OF MY HEART

HEART OF MY HEART,
HOW I LOVE THAT MELODY.
HEART OF MY HEART
BRINGS BACK THOSE MEMORIES.
WHEN WE WERE KIDS,
ON THE CORNER OF THE STREET,
WE WERE ROUGH AND READY GUYS,
BUT OH, HOW WE COULD HARMONIZE.

HEART OF MY HEART,
OLD FRIENDS WERE DEARER THEN,
TO BAD WE HAD TO PART.
I KNOW A TEAR WOULD GLISTEN,
IF ONCE MORE I COULD LISTEN.
TO THAT GANG THAT SANG,
HEART OF MY HEART.

'MY WILD IRISH ROSE'

MY WILD IRISH ROSE, THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT GROWS,
YOU MAY SEARCH EVERYWHERE, BUT NONE MAY COMPARE,
WITH MY WILD IRISH ROSE.
MY WILD IRISH ROSE, THE DEAREST FLOWER THAT GROWS,
AND SOME DAY FOR MY SAKE, SHE MAY LET ME TAKE,
THE BLOOM FROM MY WILD IRISH ROSE.

'BAND PLAYED ON'

CASEY WOULD WALTZ WITH THE STRAWBERRY BLONDE,
AND THE BAND PLAYED ON.
HE'D GLIDE 'CROSS THE FLOOR WITH THE GIRL HE ADORED,
AND THE BAND PLAYED ON.
HIS BRAIN WAS SO LOADED, IT NEARLY EXPLODED,
THE POOR GIRL WOULD SHAKE WITH ALARM.
HE'NE'ER LEAVE THE GIRL WITH THE STRAWBERRY CURL,
AND THE BAND PLAYED ON.

'ME AND MY GAL'

THE BELLS ARE RINGING, FOR ME AND MY GAL,
THE BIRDS ARE SINGING, FOR ME AND MY GAL,
EVERYBODY'S BEEN KNOWING,
TO A WEDDING THEY'RE GOING,
AND FOR WEEKS THEY'VE BEEN SEWING,
EVERY SUZIE AND SAL;

THEY'RE CONGREGATING FOR ME AND MY GAL,
THE PARSONS WAITING FOR ME AND MY GAL.
AND SOMEDAY, WE'RE GONNA BUILD A LITTLE HOME FOR TWO,
FOR THREE, OR FOUR, OR MORE.
IN LOVELAND, FOR, ME AND MY GAL.

"TILL WE MEET AGAIN"

SMILE THE WHILE YOU KISS ME SAD ADIEU,
WHEN THE CLOUDS ROLL BY, I'LL COME TO YOU.
THEN THE SKIES WILL SEEM MORE BLUE,
DOWN IN LOVER'S LANE MY DEARIE.
WEDDING BELLS WILL RING SO MERRILY,
EVERY TEAR WILL BE A MEMORY,
SO WAIT AND PRAY EACH NIGHT FOR ME,
TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

"TRAIL A 'WINDING'

THERE'S A LONG LONG TRAIL AWINDING, INTO THE LAND
OF MY DREAMS.
WHERE THE NIGHTENGALES ARE SINGING AND THE PALE
MOON BEAMS.
THERE'S A LONG LONG TRAIL OF WAITING, UNTIL OUR
DREAMS ALL COME TRUE.
TIL THE DAY WHEN I'LL BE STROLLING DOWN THAT LONG
LONG TRAIL WITH YOU.

BLESS 'EM ALL

BLESS 'EM ALL, BLESS 'EM ALL,
THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL;
BLESS EVERY BLONDIE AND EV' RY BRUNETTE,
SOME WE REMEMBER AND SOME WE FORGET,
BUT WE'RE GIVING OUR EYE TO THEM ALL,
THE ONES THAT APPEAL OR APPALL,
WE STALL AND WE TARRY WHILE THEY MARRIED,
BUT NEVER-THE-LESS, BLESS 'EM ALL

BLESS 'EM ALL, BLESS 'EM ALL,
THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL,
BLESS ALL THE BLONDIES AND ALL THE BRUNETTES,
EACH LAD IS HAPPY TO TAKE WHAT HE GETS,
'CAUSE WE'RE GIVING THE EYE TO THEM ALL,
THE ONES THAT ATTRACT OR APPALL,
MAUD, MAGGIE OR SUSIE, YOU CAN'T BE TOO CHOOSEY,
WHEN YOU'RE IN CAMP, BLESS 'EM ALL!

BLESS 'EM ALL, BLESS 'EM ALL,
BLESS EVERY LAST LIVING DOLL.
BLESS ALL THE REDHEADS,
EACH BLONDE AND BRUNETTE,
WITH ALL THOSE CURVES, WHO LOOKS AT HAIR, YET?
SO WE'RE GIVING THE EYE TO THEM ALL,
WHEREVER DUTY MAY CALL.
NO PORT CAN BE GRUESOME, WITH BOY AND GIRL
TWO SOME,
NOW HEAR THIS YOU LADS: BLESS 'EM ALL!

BLESS 'EM ALL, BLESS 'EM ALL,
THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL,
BLESS THE INSTRUCTORS WHO TEACH US TO DIVE,
BLESS ALL OUR STARS THAT WE STILL ARE ALIVE,
FOR IF EVER THE ENGINE SHOULD STALL,
WE'RE IN FOR A HECK OF A FALL,
NO ICE-CREAM AND COOKIES FOR FLAT-FOOTED ROOKIES,
SO, CHEER UP, MAY LADS, BLESS 'EM ALL!

BLESS 'EM ALL, BLESS 'EM ALL,
THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL,
BLESS ALL THE POSTERS WITH BEAUTIFUL SCENES
WE WERE TO SEE IF WE JOINED THE MARINES,
WELL, WE'VE SEEN NO SCENERY AT ALL,
EXCEPT WHAT THEY SCRAWL ON THE WALL.
NO ICE-CREAM AND COOKIES FOR FLAT-FOOTED ROOKIES,
SO CHEER UP, MY LADS, BLESS 'EM ALL!

MY BONNIE

MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN,
MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE SEA.
MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN,
OH, BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME.

BRING BACK,
BRING BACK,
OH, BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME.
BRING BACK,
BRING BACK,
OH, BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME.

OUR LSO'S NEVER GIVE "ROGERS."
AND WE'RE NOT SO SURE THEY CAN SEE.
THEY SAY AS WE CRASH THROUGH THE BARRIERS,
"HE WAS O.K. WHEN HE WENT BY ME."

Chorus: CUTS AND GUTS.
CUTS AND GUTS.
THE GUYS THAT MADE CARRIERS ARE NUTS,
ARE NUTS.
CUTS AND GUTS.
CUTS AND GUTS.
THE GUYS THAT FLY OFF 'EM ARE NUTS.

OUR CATAPULTS SHOTS ARE QUITE HAIRY.
THE CATAPULT GEAR IS RED-HOT.
IT NEVER WORKS RIGHT WHEN YOU'RE READY,
AND ALWAYS GOES OFF WHEN YOU'RE NOT.

Chorus:

BLACK ANGELS ALL OVER THE HEAVENS
BLACK ANGELS ALL OVER THE SEA
WE ALWAYS ACCOMPLISH OUR MISSION
WHATEVER IT HAPPENS TO BE

WE ARE LAUNCHED FROM OFF THE CARRIER
WE TAKE OFF OVER THE SEA
WE ALWAYS RETURN TO OLD "JOYFUL"
WHEREVER SHE HAPPENS TO BE

Chorus:

OUR SKIPPER A COMMANDER CALLED "TIGER"
WE FOLLOW WHENEVER HE CALLS
HE HELPS US TO CLOSE ALL THE O' CLUBS
THEN TAKES US TO THE BEER HALLS

Chorus:

WE'RE SINGERS WITH NUMBER ONE TALENTS
WE SING WHENEVER WE CAN
OUR HARMONY'S THE BEST IN THE BAR ROOM
OUR "BABY" IS THE BEST IN THE LAND

Chorus:

OL' SMOKEY

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY ALL COVERED WITH SNOW,
I LOST MY TRUE LOVER FOR CORTING SO SLOW.

FOR COURTING'S A PLEASURE AND PARTING IS GRIEF,
AND A FALSE HEARTED LOVER IS WORSE THAN A THIEF.

A THIEF WILL JUST ROB YOU AND TAKE WHAT YOU HAVE,
BU A FALSE HEARTED LOVER WILL LEAD YOU TO THE
GRAVE.

AND THE GRAVE WILL DECAY YOU AND TURN YOU TO DUST,
NOT ONE BOY IN A HUNDRED A POOR GIRL CAN TRUST.

THEY' LL HUG YOU AND KISS YOU AND TELL YOU MORE LIES,
THAN CROSS TIES ON A RAILROAD OR STARS IN THE SKY.

SO COME YOU YOUNG MAIDENS AND LISTEN TO ME,
NEVER PLACE YOUR AFFECTION ON A GREEN WILLOW TREE.

FOR THE LEAVES THEY WILL WITHER AND THE ROOT'S
THEY WILL DIE,
YOU'LL ALL BE FORSAKEN AND NEVER KNOW WHY.

THE WRECK OF THE OLD '97'

OH, THEY GAVE HIM HIS ORDERS AT MONROE,
VIRGINIA,
SAYING, "STEVE, YOU'RE WAY BEHIND TIME.
THIS IS NOT 38 BUT IT'S OLD 97,
YOU MUST PUT HER BACK TO SPENCER ON TIME."

SO, HE LOOKED 'ROUND AND SAID TO THE BLACK,
GREASY, FIREMAN,
JUST SHOVEL ON A LITTLE MORE COAL,
AND AS THEY CROSSED THAT WIDE OPEN MOUNTAIN.
YOU COULD SEE OLD 97 ROLL.

WELL, IT'S A MIGHTY ROUGH RUN FROM LYNCHBURG
TO DANVILLE,
ON THE LINE OF A THREE MILE GRADE.
IT WAS ON THAT RUN THAT HE LOST HIS AVERAGE,
YOU CAN SEE WHAT A JUMP HE MADE.

HE WAS TRAVELING DOWN THE GRADE DOING 90 MILES
AN HOUR,
HIS WHISTLE BROKE INTO A SCREAM,
HE WAS FOUND IN THE WRECK WITH HIS HAND ON THE
THROTTLE,
AND WAS SCALDED TO DEATH BY THE STEAM.

NOW, COME ON ALL YOU LADIES, YOU MUST TAKE
WARNING,
FROM THIS TIME ON AND LEARN,
NEVER SPEAK HARSH WORDS TO YOUR TRUE-LOVING
HUSBAND,
HE MAY LEAVE YOU AND NEVER RETURN.

ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR

THE SONS OF THE PROPHET ARE BRAVE MEN AND BOLD
AND QUITE UNACCUSTOMED TO FEAR,
BUT THE BRAVEST BY FAR IN THE RANKS OF THE SHAH
WAS ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR.

IF YOU WANTED A MAN TO ENCOURAGE THE VAN
OR HARRASS THE FOE FROM THE REAR
STORM AFORT OR DEDOUBT, YOU HAD ONLY TO SHOUT
FOR ABULA BULBUL AMIR.

NOW THE HEROES WERE PLENTY AND WELL KNOWN TO
FAME
IN THE TROOPS THAT WERE LED BY THE CZAR,
AND THE BRAVEST OF THESE WAS A MAN BY THE NAME
OF IVAN SKAVINSKY SKAVAR.

HE COULD JUMP FIFTY YARDS AND TELL FORTUNES BY
CARDS
AND STRUM ON A SPANISH GUITAR,
IN FACT, QUITE THE CREAM OF THIS MUSCOVITE TEAM,
WAS IVAN SKAVINSKY SKAVAR.

ONE DAY THIS BOLD RUSSIAN, SHOULDERED HIS GUN
AND DONNED HIS MOST TRUCLENT SNEER,
DOWNTOWN HE DID GO WHERE HE TROD ON THE TOE
OF ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR.

“YOUNG MAN,” QUOTH ABDUL, “HAS LIFE
GROWN SO DULL
THAT YOU WISH TO END YOUR CAREER?
VILE INFIDEL, KNOW, YOU HAVE TROD ON THE TOE,
OF ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR.

SO TAKE YOUR LAST LOOK AT THE SUNSHINE AND
BROOK
AND SEND YOUR REGRETS TO THE CZAR,
FOR THIS I IMPLY THAT YOU ARE GOING TO DIE
COUNT IVAN SKAVINSKY SKAVAR.”

THEN THIS BOLD NAMELUCK DREW HIS TRUSTY
SKIBOUK
SINGING "ALLAH IL ALLAH IL ARRR"
AND WITH MURDEROUS INTENT HE FEROCIOUSLY WENT
FOR IVAN SKAVINSKY SKAVAR.

THEY PARRIED AND THRUST AND SIDE STEPPED AND
CUSSED
OF BLOOD THEY SPILLED A GOOD POT,
THE PHILOLOGIST BLOKES, WHO SELDOM CRACK JOKES
SAID THAT HASH WAS FIRST MADE ON THAT SPOT.

THEY FOUGHT ALL THE NIGHT NEATH THE PALE
YELLOW MOON
THE DIN, IT WAS HEARD FROM AFAR,
AND HUGH MULTITUDES CAME SO GREAT WAS THE FAME
OF ABDUL AND IVAN SKAVAR.

AS ABDUL'S LONG KNIFE WAS EXTRACTING THE LIFE
IN FACT HE WAS SHOUTING "HUZZAH",
HE FELT HIMSELF STRUCK BY THE WILY CALMUCK
COUNT IVAN SKAVINSKY SKAVAR.

THE SULTAN DROVE BY IN HIS RED BREASTED FLY
EXPECTING THE VICTOR TO CHEER,
BUT HE ONLY DREW NIGHT TO HEAR THE LAST
SIGH
OF ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR.

THERES A TOMB RAISING UP WHERE THE BLUE
DANUBE ROLLS,
AND GRAVEN TO CHARACTERS CLEAR,
IS, "STRANGER, WHILE PASSING, OH PRAY FO
FOR THE SOUL,
OF ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR."

A SPLASH IN THE BLACK SEA ONE DARK
MOONLESS NIGHT
CAUSED RIPPLES TO SPREAD FAR AND WIDE,
IT WAS MADE BY A SACK FITTING CLOSE TO
THE BACK
OF IVAN SKAVINSKY SKAVAR.

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A MUSCOVITE MAIDEN HER LONE VIGIL
KEEPS
NEATH THE LIGHT OF THE COLD NORTHERN
STAR
AND THE NAME THAT SHE MURMURS IN VAIN
AS SHE WEEPS
IS IVAN SKAVINSKY SKAVAR.

EPILOGUE

FROM THE SHORES OF SAN DIEGO,
TO THE SANDS OF SANGLEY POINT,
THIS CREW HAS RAISED IT'S VOICES,
IN EVERY BAR AND JOINT.

FROM MIRAMAR TO THE MOANA,
AND FROM HONGKONG TO HAVERSACK,
WHILE WE' VE DONE OUR SINGING,
WE' VE WISHED THAT WE WERE BACK.

WE' VE SUNG THEM ALL AT ATSUGI,
AND IN THE FIGHTER CLUB,
WHEN THIS GANG WAS SINGING,
THERE NEVER WAS A DUD.

IN THE BAR AT BRAWLEY,
AND AT CAMP ZAMA TOO,
WHEN EVER WE RAISED OUR VOICES,
NO ONE WAS EVER BLUE.

FROM WAKIKI TO WESTCOTT' S
WE' VE SUNG THEM O' RE AND O' RE,
SO TAKE WITH YOU THIS SONG BOOK,
AS A MEMORY OF OUR LORE.

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